

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Venice under the Yoke of France and of Austria; with Memoirs of the Courts, Governments, and People of Italy; presenting a faithful Picture of her present Condition, and including original Anecdotes of the Bonaparte Family. By a Lady of Rank. Written during a Twenty Years' Residence in that Country. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 711. London, 1824.

THE fair author of these volumes has done herself singular injustice in her title-page, which the preface informs us was adopted on the suggestion of a friend, who, whatever may be the extent of his regard or esteem, manifested very little judgment in his advice. The first volume, it is true, is devoted to Venice; but the second embraces Naples, Rome, Tuscany, Milan, Lucca, Parma, Modena, &c. &c., of which the author, from her long residence in Italy, and her acuteness of observation, is enabled to give a good, and, she assures us, an impartial account;—we do not mean to insinuate that this is not the case, but authors, as well as other persons, are not always the best judges of their impartiality, any more than of their literary merit. To us there appear many passages which it would be difficult to reconcile with the author's declaration, and not a few that might lead us to doubt the sex of the writer, did we not know that this is not a point to be determined either by the vigour or delicacy of an author's writings. The more than allusion, and that frequently, to a 'certain class of mutilated beings,' who are to be found in the land of song, is in bad taste, and somewhat disfigures these entertaining and instructive volumes. The anecdotes of Bonaparte's family are another bad feature in the work, and are nothing more than a mere scandalous chronicle, into the writing of which, we fear, the author may have been hurried from the circumstance of her having been 'a great sufferer by the revolutionary system,' and from her husband having 'been brought to the very verge of the grave, and lost every thing by it, *hors l'honneur*.' We know that, on the rise of Bonaparte, there were a thousand stories about the obscurity of his birth, and the frailty of some members of his family. Most of these had either been disproved or were forgotten, and we are, therefore, sorry to see them revived, with additions, in this work. Some of these we shall have occasion to recur to; but, in

the mean time, we cannot but reprobate the unkind and uncharitable manner in which our 'Lady of Rank' speaks of Josephine, Bonaparte's first wife, who was known to have been one of the most amiable and benevolent of her sex. Nor is it on one occasion only that she is calumniated; we are told, in one place, that she was 'the mistress of Tallien, Barras, Talma, and, if rumour be correct, of many others;' in another page she is accused of being enamoured of a Castrato, after her marriage with Bonaparte; and in a third, notwithstanding the beneficence of Josephine was proverbial, we are disgusted with the following coarse, illiberal, and unjust paragraph,—'Josephine's real name was *Take all and Pay none*, and she had learned how to conjugate the verb to *have*, but not the verb to *give*.' Surely these passages are not such as ought to have appeared in a work of this sort, nor should the assassin of Josephine's memory have been a female, and that female an Englishwoman; and yet this lady says,—'To impartiality I trust I may lay claim!'

But it will be said, has the work no merit?—On the contrary, we say it has a great deal, and, having noticed its faults, we shall proceed to show its claims on public approbation. The work is not the production of an untravelled author or a mere book-maker; the facts and observations, the anecdotes and reflections, are evidently those of a person who has visited the scenes she describes; and we think a 'twenty years' residence in Italy well employed when it has been the means of collecting so much interesting and valuable information relative to a country endeared to us by so many recollections and associations. In her political opinions the author seems a counterpart to Mr. Robert Owen in his religion, both differing from all others; and if this lady is unsparing in her attacks on the yoke of Napoleon, she is not less severe on the yoke of Austria. Her creed is a desire to see independence established, wherever it can maintain itself, and sound and rational English liberty planted wherever it will grow. She laments over the fate of so fair a portion of the globe as Venice, and seems to feel what our Byron so well expressed in his beautiful ode, commencing—

'Oh, Venice, Venice! when thy marble walls
Are level with the waters, there shall be
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.'

Our author commences with a view of

the state of Italy under the Austrian sway, and some reflections on the destruction of the European balance of power. It is not, however, political disquisitions to which we are most partial, although there is much good sense, just observation, and correct feeling, in the remarks on the subject:—

'In Venice, and throughout the Venetian states, all criminal proceedings are entirely carried on in writing; so that a man may be accused, tried, condemned, and even executed, without ever beholding the face of his judge, or being confronted with his accusers. Many of these judges are totally ignorant, not merely of the jurisprudence, but even of the language of Italy; it being the practice at Vienna, when any one of the clod-hopping gentry from the Tyrol happens to come to the capital, and be out of employ, though he may even have been a cobbler, to transform him, *presto*, into a judge, and despatch him, in that capacity, to Venice. If, perchance, the man happens to be honest, his appearance belies his character, for he has more the semblance of a culprit than the president of a court of judicature. This, however, is a misfortune, and not a crime; and is, besides, of no great consequence, seeing that these Austrian dispensers of the law, like those of the Areopagus at Athens, never behold the object of their deliberations.'

'By the laws of Austria, no landlord can turn his tenants away from his estate, but by a three years' notice to quit, though those tenants may be in arrears to him for rent, and are known to be in the practice of embezzling the produce, to the injury, and even utter ruin of the proprietor; since, from the non-payment of his tenant, he is unable to make good his own taxes. The government, however, enforces immediate payment from the landlord, by selling his effects for about a third of their real value; though, by law, they ought not to be disposed of under less than two-thirds. But the time between the seizure and the actual sale is extremely short. The greedy speculator on human misery takes, therefore, every advantage; whilst the agents of government, anxious to transmit to the Austrian treasury all the revenue they can possibly collect, sell the property for whatever it will fetch, rather than retain it; lest a fall in the price of the produce should render it still less valuable. In this way have thousands of the best patrician families, as well as many of

the most respectable private citizens of Venice, been utterly ruined; though some of them have actually been, at the time, creditors of the Austrian government to a considerable amount, for arrears of principal and interest of money which they had lent to it!

Our author speaks very highly of the Venetian character, and describes the people as gentle, affable, polite, hospitable, and more civilized and better informed than the inhabitants of any other part of Italy:—

'The societies at Venice, whether at private houses or at the public casinos, are generally enlivened with the smiling eyes and gentle and fascinating looks of the fair sex, and are conducted with an elegance and an ease superior to most other female societies; and without any of that discordant rivalry of prerogatives, too often to be met with elsewhere. The casinos are conducted much in the same manner as the subscription-houses in London; where the members are at liberty to do as they please, with this especial difference, that the ladies only are subscribers, the gentlemen being honorary members. Strangers of respectability, of both sexes, are readily admitted, and meet with a polite and affable reception. The company are entertained with a concert, and treated with refreshments. Cards are introduced at the wish of any of the party; and other amusements, except those of hazard. These casinos are furnished in the most costly and elegant style, and are brilliantly lighted up with the beautiful wax candles for which Venice is so justly celebrated.

'The regularity, the order, and the magnificence which prevail at these princely casinos, at once discover the ladies of Venice to be a superior race of beings to their neighbours of the Terra Firma. In their conversation they are lively and unaffected without levity, and communicative and affable without coquetry.

'The uncommon share of freedom which these ladies enjoy, induces foreigners, who have but a superficial knowledge of them, to form an opinion of them very different from that which they really deserve. My observations, of course, apply solely to good society. The mixed classes of every country have their *chiaro scuro*. The Venetian ladies are extremely engaging in their manners; and as to their dress, it may be called becoming rather than fashionable, and sets off their fine figures to the greatest advantage. It is not unusual for them to be married to men whom they have never before seen, except through the grate of the convent in which they have been educated, and which they only quit to enter into the gay world, through the temple of Hymen—where Cupid rarely presides, beyond the honey-moon! And to this very liberty, which they enjoy the moment they are married, is it to be ascribed, that they are not so capricious as the Italians

of the south, who are more rigorously subjected to antiquated external formalities.'

'At one period, the Venetians were so suspicious of their wives and daughters, that they never allowed them to walk out; and, to prevent their doing so, they even obliged them to wear exceedingly high-heeled shoes, which, as it were, suspended the foot from the toe upwards, raising the other extremity nearly ten inches, and making it almost parallel with the leg; in consequence of which their feet became cramped like those of the Chinese. Some of these shoes I have often seen in the palace of the truly estimable Madame Damula Pisani.'

Venice was long celebrated for her extensive commerce and her maritime power, but she is now deeply sunk:—

'Commerce, navigation, agriculture, as well as all the useful arts and sciences, are now mere non-entities at Venice. The exorbitant excise and customs duties, together with other vexations, have deterred all merchant vessels from trading to that port, since it has been under the "paternal" government of Austria. I must, however, except a few boats bringing salt fish, red herrings, and dried sprats. If, therefore, the poor forlorn Venetians stand in need of a barrel of coffee, or a hog's-head of sugar, they must patiently wait until they can procure it from Trieste, at second or third hand.

'Though it is not uncommon for a vessel to reach Venice from the last-mentioned port, in the short space of eight hours, yet, from the numerous obstacles thrown in the way by the custom-house officers, it is at least as many days before it can be unloaded. The commercial regulations adopted by Austria have occasioned a decrease in the import and export trade of Venice, to the extent of thirty thousand florins per month.

'The commercial buildings and warehouses are actually become mere watch-boxes and barracks for the men, who were once busily employed as porters, to load and unload the merchandize; but who are now chiefly occupied in guarding the bales for transit, or in preventing the hungry rats from gnawing the cordage and packing.

'Such is the present degraded condition of the spot which, until the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, was considered the first commercial city of the world!'

With a few remarks on the public buildings at Venice, we shall conclude for the present:—

'The *Basilica*, or church of San Marco, was begun in the year 977, and finished, in the superb style in which we now behold it, in 1071. It has ten outer gates of Corinthian brass, besides five more within, of the same material, all richly ornamented; and between them there is a gallery, or piazza, for the people to promenade in. Roofs, walls, pavement—the whole of the interior of this stupendous temple, is inlaid with mosaics, in gold and colours, or adorned with the finest marbles. On en-

tering, and lifting our eyes towards the dome, we at once behold so immense a number of paintings, of the description here mentioned, in the different ceilings, curves, arches, and niches, that it would be impossible to give a sketch of them; each, however, is accompanied with an explanatory description.

'The first artists have all been employed in embellishing its walls. Tintoretto's cartoons have principally served to direct the artificers of these splendid mosaics; but many of them are from designs of a much earlier date. Amidst a multitude of other pillars, all carved out of precious materials, and many of them brought from Constantinople when the Venetians conquered that city, are eight columns of a serpentine shape, carried originally from Jerusalem, and which are said to have adorned the famous temple of Solomon. Both within and without are to be seen beautiful pillars, of every kind of rare marble, magnificently piled and arranged, though rather according to the Saracenic taste.

'Upon the corridor, surmounting the architrave in front, are placed the famous four steeds, in Corinthian brass, of unparalleled merit. The action of the gentle trot has been caught by the artist, and every muscle of these noble creatures has been displayed with such prodigious felicity, that if their golden surfaces could be converted into the silky gloss of nature, the animals might be supposed to move. They are generally believed to be the workmanship of the celebrated Lysippus, the Greek sculptor, and they certainly leave all modern attempts at equestrian statues at an immeasurable distance.'

Our author denies that the statue in Hyde Park is a figure of Achilles, and she gives some good reasons for her opinion.
(To be continued.)

Elements of Geometry and Trigonometry, with Notes translated from the French of A. M. Legendre. Edited by David Brewster, LL.D. with Notes and Additions, and an introductory Chapter on Proportion. 8vo. Edinburgh and London, 1814.

If we have not earlier noticed Legendre's Geometry, it has not been from an ignorance of its merits, but in order that, by the delay, we might enter more fully on the subject. Works of abstract science are confessedly not those we should select for *The Literary Chronicle*, though very congenial to our early pursuits; but geometry is a science of itself so important, and Legendre's work in itself so valuable, that we shall, we are sure, be excused for dwelling on it at some length.

The original work, of which the translation into English is here presented to the public, has been in high estimation among the learned ever since its first appearance. The celebrity of the author, from whose pen it was understood that nothing would

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proceed which was unworthy of the public attention, insured for it at first a favourable reception, and its intrinsic merit afterwards fully justified this anticipation. Accordingly, the performance has been read with avidity in every civilized country. The present translation, which is, in no respects unworthy of the original, will, undoubtedly, meet with the approbation of the English reader.

The reader, however, will perceive a considerable difference between the method in which M. Legendre handles his subject, and the plan which English writers on geometry have generally followed. It is, therefore, necessary to inform him that the French geometers were among the first who manifested a dislike to the formal and rigorous plan of Euclid, and attempted more familiar methods of instruction. The chief alteration, however, which we are obliged to take notice of at present, is the introduction of arithmetic into geometry. This author, in common with other French geometers, considers his lines and angles as all measured, or as represented by numbers, and his plane figures and solids as deduced from their linear boundaries by certain arithmetical operations. To measure lines is to find a small line which, being taken repeatedly from them, leaves at last no remainders. Accordingly, one of the first problems which the French student in geometry has to resolve, is that of finding out the greatest common measure of two straight lines, and of two arcs of a circle. The method of doing it is similar to that used in arithmetic, and, therefore, M. Legendre refers the reader to arithmetic for the demonstration of it. It is not fit to be ranked among the plainest rules of arithmetic, but it is much less adapted to geometry. There it cannot in any case be put in practice with a great degree of accuracy; and, as a scientific principle, it is not only obscure, but in many cases it is altogether inapplicable. We can always find a common measure of two numbers, but lines have not naturally a common measure; in many cases, no such common measure can be found, and here the French geometers are under the necessity of plunging their readers at the beginning into the depths of the method of exhaustions, which is the highest and most intricate principle of the elements of geometry.

British writers have generally avoided this intermixture of the two sciences; arithmetic and geometry are quite distinct; they have different objects, and each of them is furnished with the means of accomplishing its ends without the assistance of the other. Of all the sciences, geometry stands least in need of foreign aid, and it is by its help that arithmetic is furnished with the fundamental scale from which all its operations are derived. English geometers, impressed with such considerations as these, have thought it more consistent with order to treat of the principles of these two sciences separately, and afterwards to explain their relation to one another, when they come to connect them together in the application of

them to trigonometry, mensuration, and the other branches of practical mathematics.

One of the principal effects of the French method is the exclusion of the doctrine of proportion from geometry, as a branch which does not properly belong to it, but to arithmetic, in the study of which, it is presumed that the nature and operations of it have been sufficiently explained to the learner, when two numbers have been divided by their greatest common measure; the numbers are to one another as their quotients, which at the same time express their ratio in the least terms. In like manner, when two magnitudes have a common measure, it is called their root or unit, and they are represented by the number of parts into which it divides them, and are defined to have the same ratio to one another which these numbers have. Here a palpable objection presents itself: many magnitudes have no common measure whatever; therefore, according to this definition, they have no proportion. These magnitudes, however, must be compared and their relations explained in every system of geometry. The French method of treating them is very exceptionable; it proceeds upon two bold assumptions: the first is, that incommensurable magnitudes may be proportional, which is inconsistent with their definition; and the other is, that to any three such magnitudes a fourth proportional may be found. Here their definition forsakes us, and we are left to grope for the meaning of the word *proportional*, mentioned in these assumptions, without any assistance from them. The general definition of proportion, which is tacitly supposed in their demonstrations, is liable to no such objections. It extends to every case, and the demonstrations resulting from it are as natural, simple, and direct, and in commensurable magnitudes; they are much shorter and more intelligible than those which are effected by means of common measures. A false idea of proportion is entertained by some geometers, that here all magnitudes are considered as measured and composed of parts. This consideration, however, does not enter at all into a just idea of ratio, which is the relation of two things to one another, in respect of magnitude and not in respect of multitude or number of parts. A magnitude may be added to itself and thus produce a multiple, or a less magnitude may be taken from a greater repeatedly, and thus may give an idea of a quotient. But these operations are very different from the consideration of magnitudes as all composed of parts.

Writers on geometry find it very difficult to give an unexceptionable definition of a straight line. It is known to have two radical properties,—its uniformity, and its being the shortest line which can be drawn between the same two points. But it is not easy to give a geometrical criterion of either of these properties, and it is difficult to deduce one of them from the other. Euclid defined it from its uniformity, and M. Legendre from its being the shortest line. The latter, however, has made little

use of his definition, except to infer from it that one side of a triangle is less than the sum of the other two, and that the chord is shorter than its arc. To supply the defect of his definition, he assumes, in his fourth axiom, that only one straight line can be drawn between two points, from which he proves, in his proposition, that the position of a straight line is entirely determined from the position of two points in it. Still, however, he is under the necessity of having recourse to Euclid's notion, that a straight line will coincide with another, in whatever way it is applied to it, as the reader will see in his 7th proposition, in which he applies the side DE to BA, and takes it for granted that they will coincide, though it cannot be shown that two points of these lines are common to both, without assuming the conclusion. It is in this way that our author gradually introduces into his work the complete idea of a straight line.

It is equally difficult to give a good definition of an angle. Euclid calls it the inclination, or relative position of two straight lines; M. Legendre calls it the quantity, by which they are separated in regard to position. But we always compare angles by reasoning about their sides, and therefore we do not depend at all upon the definition of the angles; at the same time, it cannot be doubted that much of the obscurity which pervades the first principles of geometry would be removed by giving geometrical characters of a straight line and of an angle.

M. Legendre treats, in his first book, of the general principles of triangles, angles, perpendiculars, and parallels; and in his second book he demonstrates the properties of the circle, at the end of which he gives the problems relating to these two books. This arrangement has the inconvenience of appearing to reason in a circle; for our author has assumed, in the construction of some of his theorems, that a certain problem has been, or can be performed, and at the same time he has made the solution of the problem to depend, either upon this very theorem, or upon some other, more advanced and depending upon it. He would, therefore, have done better, if he had introduced such problems as are requisite for the construction of theorems into the places where they are required. The rest, which are illustrations of the use and importance of the theorems, are in their proper place when they are at the end of the book, in which the foundation of their solutions is demonstrated.

The theory of parallel straight lines is one of the most difficult in the elements of geometry, and none have written on the subject without acknowledging the difficulty. M. Legendre has attempted its removal in various ways, in the different editions of his geometry; but he acknowledges that none of his methods had the same character of rigorousness with the other demonstrations of elementary geometry. In his last edition he has followed the method of *Franceschini*, with some modifications; but for a strictly

rigorous demonstration he refers us to his second note, from which reference it is plain that, in his opinion, the demonstration in the note is not of such a nature as can occupy the place of his less rigorous one; otherwise he would doubtless have introduced it into the text; and its greatest admirers have admitted that it is not of a kind that can be readily apprehended by those who are only beginning to study the mathematics. The author begins this second note by asserting, that Euclid's famous postulate, meaning his 12th axiom, has never hitherto been demonstrated in a way strictly geometrical and independent of all considerations about infinity. Here, however, he has overlooked Ingram's Euclid, in the notes to which, the axiom is demonstrated in a way strictly geometrical, and such as does not seem to involve any considerations about infinity. The imperfection of our definitions of a straight line and of an angle render it difficult, in the beginning of the elements, to give a good demonstration of M. Legendre's proposition that, when two angles of a triangle are equal to two angles of another, their third angles are also equal; for, if we have a clear idea of the uniformity of a straight line, and consider an angle as the relative position of two such lines, we may easily demonstrate this proposition after the manner of M. Legendre's seventh. Thus, let the angle B (see his figure) of the triangle ABC be equal to E, of the triangle DEF, and the angle C to F; then shall the angle A be equal to D. For if EF be on BC, and E or B, then ED will coincide with BA, and will have the same position with it in respect of AC. Again if F be on C, EF being still on BC, the side FD will coincide with CA, so that BA has the same position in respect of FD which it has relative to CA; that is, the same which DE has in respect of AC: therefore, DE has the same position relative to DF which BA has to AC; that is, the angle EDF is equal to BAC. This demonstration would be perfectly unexceptionable, if the nature of a straight line, and that of an angle, were clearly understood. M. Legendre, in his notes assumed a much more extensive knowledge of their nature than is requisite for understanding the demonstration given here. This demonstration depends upon that of his seventh proposition, in which he has proved that two triangles are equal in all respects when they have two angles equal, and also their adjacent sides equal; but from this alone it is not legitimate to infer, as he has done, that the equality of the third angles is a property essential to such triangles; for, in consistence with this demonstration, it may be supposed that, while the side and one of the adjacent angles remain constant, the other adjacent angle may vary, and still the third angle remain of the same magnitude as before. And there is nothing delivered by this author antecedent to the theory of parallels, which renders this hypothesis impossible. After Euclid and M. Legendre had proved that the angles at the base of an isocles triangle are equal, neither of them assumed that this

equality is an essential property of the isocles triangle, until they had proved its converse; till this is done, the sides may be supposed unequal and the angles at the base still equal. It does not, therefore, appear that M. Legendre was authorized to conclude from his seventh proposition alone, that the third angle is entirely determined, when the other two angles and the adjacent side are known, and that his equation is given immediately by the principle of superposition.

It is painful to remark, that a dispute respecting this demonstration has arisen among mathematicians. It was occasioned by an explanation of it given by Mr. Playfair in the notes to his geometry, in which he endeavoured to bring it down to the apprehension of beginners, that it might supply the place of Euclid's 12th axiom in the elements. For this purpose, he represents the distinction between homogeneous and heterogeneous quantities mentioned in that demonstration, as involved in the fourth definition of the fifth book of Euclid; a definition which relates entirely to the natural homogeneity of magnitudes. He says that no quantity, but A, B, and P, can affect the magnitude of C, because if these three be given, the triangle may be constructed; and he adds, that because P is a line, and A, B, and C are angles, no combination of the latter three can be equal to the former. This explanation was found fault with by Mr. Leslie, who, in the course of his reasoning, made some remarks which seem to affect the validity of the author's demonstration; and, in the defence of it, both M. Legendre and M. Baron le Maurice have published answers to Mr. Leslie. In these answers all Mr. Playfair's assertions are contradicted. 'He,' say they, 'confounds throughout the natural homogeneity of quantities with the principle of homogeneity observed in every relation founded on the law of the calculus, which two principles are widely different,' and they say, 'We are not inquiring whether, under certain conditions, the triangle will exist, but when it does exist, we wish to know what conditions are required for determining it; and indeed, any person who reads the demonstration, must see that Mr. Playfair has entirely mistaken it; for no sooner has the author formed his equation than he proceeds immediately to convert the terms of it into numbers, which would have been useless had he meant nothing but a natural homogeneity, for all acknowledge angles to be heterogeneous to lines. After converting his angles into numbers, he still finds, on one side of his equation, a line combined with numbers; such an expression must either denote a line, or it is quite unintelligible. It ought, however, in this case, to be the expression of a number; therefore, he rejects the line, and thus he finds the combination which he wants. In all this we perceive nothing but the reduction of his quantities into such relations so to exhibit his equation in abstract numbers. It is vain to expect here a geometrical demonstration, such as Mr. Leslie and his correspondent wishes to find in it, and

such as Mr. Playfair imagines that he had found in it; had these gentlemen only adverted that it is impossible to bring an angle directly into an equation along with lines, they would have seen Mr. Playfair's palpable mistake. All that they have said about natural homogeneity is true, for no beginner can doubt that the lengths of straight lines are determined by their positions, or the angles which they make with other lines and the converse; but, in perfect consistence with this, all that M. Legendre and Le Baron Maurice have said about the development of equations may also be true. The demonstration, however, which they defend, can be of no use in the elements of geometry.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Schediasms; Verse and Prose. By WILLIAM HATTON HANDS. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1824.

WERE we among those who would rather lose their friend than their joke, we might congratulate Mr. Hands on the appropriateness of his name, and say that his Schediasms are rather the work of the hands than the head; indeed our author seems to be a bit of a wag himself, for he, Mr. Hands, dedicates his work to a Mr. Legge:—but, joking apart, we learn from the said dedication that Mr. Hands has long been ambitious to write a book, with the view to aid him in his endeavours to emerge from that obscurity into which circumstances seem to have conspired to keep him; and further, that it was written in sickness and in sorrow: these circumstances ought to be sufficient to disarm criticism of its severity, did the writer afford room for it; for ourselves, who possess as much of the milk of human kindness as ever belonged to a critic, we should really be inclined to look favourably on any attempt similar to that of Mr. Hands', but, when we find it sanctioned by so much ingenuity as is displayed in the following article, we cannot be captious about minor peculiarities, or even faults. At once, therefore, we shall allow Mr. Hands to speak for himself, in his sketch of,—

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN.

'Of all the miserable, monotonous kinds of life, which, through necessity or otherwise, some of our fellow-mortals are doomed to pursue, I know not of one—save that of the poor sweep, which exceeds in eternal sameness of occupation, and wretchedness of living, or from which, in the same spirit as the foreigner, who prayed God that, in his next state of existence, he might be any thing rather than a Thames Street horse—were I a follower of Pythagoras, I should pray to be exempted from fulfilling hereafter, than that of the hackney coachman.

'To the driver of one of our long stages, or even to the short five-mile stager, with his taking-up and setting-down at every two or three hundred yards—the bustle on the road—the variety of passengers (of which the dozing Jarvis takes no heed)—the nods of passing acquaintances—jokes on

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the road, and a thousand little pleasantries and circumstances incidental to his profession, give a fillip to his feelings, without which life would be robbed of half its charms.

But to poor Jarvis there is none of this. The same dull, monotonous, listless, life presents itself,—without one comfort, save *blue ruin*, of which he by no means stints himself, when he can muster the *browns* to purchase it, and an occasional drive with a citizen's family, four miles out of town on a Sunday—from day to day, and week to week, from one year's end to another. Inured to all weathers, sitting for hours on his box, on the stand, dozing away life, half insensible by a continual muddle (if I may use such a term, to denote a minor kind of intoxication) to the pleasures of life, or its miseries, or else pulling and lashing his jaded beasts, scarce strong enough to drag the lumbering vehicle behind them, as he conveys his fare from one street to another; the poor fellow, often an old man, unfitted by age even for a watchman, presents such a picture of the worn-out, weather-beaten son of misfortune, as I trust in God few other professions can equal.

THE UMBRELLA.

I was led into these reflections by the appearance at the door of my study, to which he had been ushered by the officious zeal of an aged domestic, of a miserable, half-starved looking fellow, clad in a bundle of rags, with a wisp of straw tied round his slouched coal-heaver's hat, while two similar bands, circling his ankles, served in the place of gaiters, who, with his whip in one hand, while he fumbled the handle of the door in the other, asked if I was the *gemman* as had advertised the small silk umbrella, left in a *hack* the preceding morning. Having answered in the affirmative (though without recognising in my interrogator, the man who had driven me), he pulled from beneath the folds of what he called his "coat," (which, as I have said, was nothing more than a bundle of rags) not the umbrella I had so carelessly left behind me in the coach—but an old tattered affair, probably belonging to some ancient *emigre*, the which, to any one than its owner, was not worth three-pence.

As I had promised a reward of five shillings, and besides as I felt no desire to claim another man's property as my own, I soon convinced Master Jarvis, who was not very well pleased, by the bye, at not having found a customer for his *article*, that the one he produced was no umbrella of mine.

Not, however, to chafe the poor fellow too much, I gave him a trifle, for the trouble he had been at, and wishing him more successful in meeting with a claimant, dismissed him to his stand.

In the course of the day I was fortunate enough to regain the one which I really had lost. As I seldom carry a stick, and yet do not care to go out without something in my hand, wherewith to resent insolence, or chastise brutality, I felt no small satisfaction in having recovered my lost property—it

was a favourite, and I would not have exchanged it for one three times its value.

A gifted writer in a celebrated periodical, may say what he will about *sticks*—their varieties, and qualities; but for my own part, I always preferred an *umbrella* to the best-looking stick in existence. Neither too large nor too small, but just of sufficient size to be able, in an unlucky, or rather, as I should say, lucky shower, to accommodate a pretty girl—it may be—cooly accepting the proffered protection, and blushing at the praises, real or pretended, elicited by her beauty—an umbrella—always excepting the formidable hanger of the soldier, and the quarter-staff of the special constable—an umbrella is the only thing carried in the hand, which gives grace to the gentleman—respectability to the tradesman—or dignity to the scholar.

Setting aside for an instant its usefulness, what looks so well, or becomes a man, distinguished from the brutes by his reason, and by that reason capable of foreseeing and determining—what, I say, becomes a man so much as an umbrella.

Modestly placed under his arm, with its shining ferrule projecting half a yard in advance, ready to give temerity its punishment, it confers on a man an air of more real respectableness, and capability of resenting an affront—a look of more true gentility, as contrasted with the vulgar, overbearing, John-Bullism of the uncouth, sapless, walking-stick, like an Egyptian mummy, retaining its dry sophisticated shape long after the spirit which gave it worth is fled—than it is possible for any other thing carried in the hand to give to a man—the aforementioned hanger and quarter-staff excepted. For my part, I am never without one. In fine weather, in wet weather, in storm, or in sun-shine, it is my inseparable never-failing companion: as a walking-stick—a succedaneum for a great coat—a protection from insult, it has all the virtues of wealth, without any of its vices.

Talk of green sticks indeed! What so verdant as a green umbrella! Why, the very sight of it inspires the mind with as agreeable an association of ideas as ever served as antidotes to the mud—filth—squabble—traffic—and intrigue of a city; associations scarcely inferior to those produced by the sight of green fields, leafy woods, and all the pleasantries of the country. And then its buck-horn handle. An ingenious essayist would, in a quarter of an hour, draw a greater fund of amusement and instruction from this one article—the buck-horn handle—than any half-dozen of your "book learned blockheads, ignorantly read," clad in "foolscap uniforms, turned up with ink," would produce in a quarter of a century.

Think of that handle when, in conjunction with many others, it adorned the head of some noble animal, the pride and ornament of the forest, and if your ideas do not immediately revert to Windsor Great Park, with its hill and dale, its pleasant associations with the memory of "Old Sir John"

and his ingenious tormentors, independent of the thoughts engendered by a view of that noble castle, around which the continual or occasional residence of some of England's wisest and greatest monarchs has shed a halo of splendour, which time serves but to increase, you have (that is if you are an Englishman, and conversant with the literature of your country) more of the hard-hearted obduracy of the world, and less of the philosophy of nature in you, than is creditable to either your heart or your head.

A word or two on the utility of my favourite, and I have done: a safeguard from the shower, a protection from the heat—and no contemptible one either in the dog-days—what so convenient to shield one from the prying eyes of some unremitting tailor, with his two years' unpaid bill in his pocket, ready to pop it into your hand at a moment's notice, or so sure a disguise from some needy money-borrowing acquaintance, as an extended umbrella? You see them at a distance, and are shrouded in a moment. And then, as a weapon of defence, it is without its equal. Are you assailed? Its triple guard of silk, wood, and whalebone, would parry even the stroke of a sabre. Are you in turn the assailant? Who so bold as to withstand its thrust?—one poke of its point would darken a man's *day-light* for ever.

It is with no small portion of chagrin, that I have witnessed the introduction—an importation from the continent I presume—of those extravagances in appearance, red and blue umbrellas. There are brown ones too, but they are not so obnoxious but that they may be carried by respectable people—though green is the legitimate colour. Indeed I have lately been induced to carry a brown one myself; there being a soberness and a propriety in that colour, which agree well with the thoughts of a melancholy man like myself. In my younger days, indeed, I carried a green one, which I would not have exchanged for one of another colour on any terms; but that, like many a contemporary piece of furniture, has had its day.

Peace to its memory! Like a worn-out horse, which, after having pranced o'er field and meadow, the pride of its master, and the admiration of his friends, is consigned to the dogs at last; after years of service, I saw my old friend consigned to the lumber room, with a sensation of regret, and of a cutting of old friendships, which they only can estimate who have been similarly circumstanced. Peace to its memory! A new one has long since supplied its place—another has repaired its loss—but the remembrance of its services shall never be obliterated from memory, till the hand of him who was once its master has lost its cunning.

We are far from asserting that there are not many blemishes in the Schediasms, but they possess sufficient redeeming merit for us to overlook them.

Odes, Original and Translated, with other Poems, 12mo. pp. 120. London, 1824.

THE kindness of friends has led the author of these Odes to the press, where, though he may not meet with so much praise, he will, we suspect, feel little cause to regret his first appearance in public. The two principal odes are, one on the Coronation of his present Majesty, and another on Mary, Queen of Scots. They both display considerable poetic talent, though there is an occasional ruggedness in some of the lines which mars their general effect. Nothing can be more unpoetical than such a line as this;—

‘In whom concentrated are met.’

But as we had at any time rather encourage a young poet by pointing out the beauties of his verse than its defects, we shall quote a passage from his coronation ode: it is the conclusion:—

‘And, England, thou my country, Europe’s hope,

Alike the patriot’s and the poet’s theme—
Oh! could I give my fondest wishes scope,
Thou shouldst not fade like beauty’s summer dream—

For fade thy glories must.
Carthage and Sparta lie in dust:
And such, my country—such must be thy fate,
Or soon, or late:

Yet will thy story live, like theirs, in song.
Thou standest on thy pinnacle of fame
And power: ’twill fail—but, oh! may they be wrong

Who seek to dull the splendour of thy name,
And say, e’en now thou totterest to thy fall!
No—while thou liv’st beneath a Brunswick’s sway—

While yet a Brunswick thou thy king may’st call—

Bright—bright shall beam thy sun’s meridian ray,
Though all around thee fall, and fade like mist away.

‘And thou, my sovereign (England’s polar star,

That points the port of safety and of fame),
Who, when the storms of danger loured from far,

Still show’dst serene, hast ever showed the same;

And when, with weak unsteady hand,
The pilot steered the helm of state,

“Be firm—be steady,” was thy sole command,
And England rose as ever great.

Rebellion hides her fiendish head,
The clouds of anarchy are fled,
And scarce the atheist dares apply
The words of “fate and destiny.”

Yet not in war and arms alone,
The first rays of thy glory shone?

But painting, sculpture, poesy,
Their warmest patron found in thee,

And every liberal art around was widely spread.

And may thy reign, or short or long,
Be still in conscious virtue strong;

While glory for thy brow enweaves
The Delphian laurel’s fadeless leaves,
And pleasure, with her fairest flowers,
Strews thy smooth path, gilds thy brief hours,
And shortens half life’s weary pilgrimage!

And at the hour that all must know,
To which prince, peasant, peer, alike must bow—

Free from the pangs that rive a tyrant’s breast,

May’st thou sink down in peace to lasting rest,

And find thy name inscribed on Heaven’s eternal page!”

The miscellaneous pieces, which are of course shorter, are also among the best efforts of the author; and so, we doubt not, our readers will think, on perusing the following little beautiful *morceau*;—

‘THE ORIGIN OF THE DIMPLE.

“Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digiti
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.”

AULUS GELLIUS.

“The seal imprinted by Love’s little hand
The downy softness of the chin bespeaks.”
Anon.

‘One day, as Love’s queen was on Ida reclining,

The soft god of sleep spread his opiate dew
O’er her love-beaming eyes, and, a garland entwining,

Wreathed with it her hair, and as softly withdrew.

‘Nor long ere she dreamed that Adonis, her lover,

Impressed on her cheek the soul-conquering kiss—

She dreamed that she saw his dark ringlets light hover

Around his fair face, blushing beauty and bliss.

‘Soon Cupid espied her so calmly reposing;

“Why sleep’st thou, my mother? ’Tis Cupid—oh, speak!

Bright Phœbus is set, and Night’s curtains are closing—

Awake!”—and his finger imprinted her cheek.

“‘Befits it a goddess, so fair and enchanting,
On Earth’s lowly couch among mortals to rest?

The Moon curbs her steeds, for thy star is yet wanting,

And Vesper awaits thee to shine in the west.”

‘As soft as the peach-down, it sunk to the finger,

And kept, like that fruit, the impression awhile,

Till, unwilling to part, though forbidden to linger,

It fled with her frown, but returned with her smile.

‘And hence, as ’tis said, a sweet dimple enhances

The cheeks of our virgins, so oft and so fair—

Adds charms to their smiles and fresh fire to their glances,

And shows the young god has been revelling there.’

Trials; a Tale. By the author of ‘The Favourite of Nature.’ 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 957. London, 1824.

If the *Favourite of Nature* is a highly moral tale, *Trials* form a highly religious one,—too much so, perhaps, for the flippant novel-reader, but well calculated to render works of fiction acceptable to the more serious and thinking part of the public. *Trials* consist of two distinct tales, in which females are the principal characters; and the

faults, virtues, and weaknesses of the sex are portrayed with fidelity and discrimination. In the one we have an accomplished and highly-gifted female ardently attached to a husband every way worthy of her, but suffering herself to doubt the man she so fondly loves; her bosom is torn by that ‘most unnatural offspring of a too tender parent,’ as jealousy, in this case, at least was: the flippancy of one of those fashionable coquettes, that care not whose heart they wound to feed their own vanity, is the cause of Catherine St. Aubyn’s misery. Though amiable in other respects, Catherine was of a violent temper, and her unmerited reproaches on her husband, who had been ordered to go abroad with his regiment, drives him from home, without that leaving which so well became them both. She hastened after him, but it was too late; he had sailed, and the first intelligence she received was the account of his death, and a letter written by him to her the day before the battle, in which his affection was exhibited in all its force. This tale is admirably told, and some of the scenes are very well written. One extract will suffice to show this. In consequence of the jealousy of his wife, St. Aubyn seldom went out:—

‘But when this had continued for a time, and he found himself furnishing an excellent joke to the whole mess, as a man who was tied to his wife’s apron-string (a joke which Augusta had infinite joy in promoting), he yielded to the power of ridicule; and, with more firmness than he had ever yet exhibited, he came one day to Catherine with an invitation from the Elliots for the evening, “which,” said he, “it is my wish, Kate, that you accept.”

‘She, as usual, declared her disinclination to do so.

“Then I must go without you,” replied St. Aubyn, carelessly.

“You must!” she repeated, “is there any absolute necessity for it?”

“I don’t know for necessity,” said he, “but I shall choose to do it:” and, to avoid any further discussion of the matter, he left the room.

‘If a thunder-bolt had fallen at the feet of Catherine, she could not have been more stupified with astonishment. It was not altogether the being driven into the society of Augusta, though that was terrible enough, which so much alarmed her; it was the sudden announcement of authority and rule on the part of St. Aubyn, which struck dismay into her heart. She had hitherto, indeed, influenced him in the most absolute manner, or, as her enemies called it, governed him—but it had been with a sceptre of love. It had been by consulting his wishes, by making his home the scene of gaiety and talent, and by being to him all that woman, in the bloom of youth, and beauty, and intellect, and impassioned affection, can be, to a man of sense and taste.

“And this is all gone,—gone for ever!” she exclaimed; and darting, as she believed, upon the cause of St. Aubyn’s determined resolution, “Oh, she has been talk-

ing to him—urging him to come! I see her—
—I see her—she is before me now!” she continued; and, well recollecting the familiarity of manner with which Augusta accustomed herself to address those whom she wished to persuade to any measure (and they were invariably men, for women she openly professed never to trouble her head about), she sat down to picture in her mind’s eye the allurements which had prevailed upon St. Aubyn to be so determined upon accepting her invitation.

“And he thinks that I will patiently go and witness all this!” she said, with an indignant smile, “but I never will—no, I never, never will!” and armed with this determination, she announced it to him at dinner—but not angrily, for she wished him not to think it the result of impulse, but of settled purpose.

“She merely said, that she wished to be no restraint upon him; but that for herself, she disliked Mrs. Elliott, and she would always by choice avoid her society. St. Aubyn made no reply; and, as soon as she could, Catherine sought her chamber, there to indulge, not in the “luxury of woe,”—for in whatever department of misery that is to be found, it certainly does not exist in the precincts of jealousy—she retired to be as completely and entirely wretched as the fact of her husband’s visiting her mortal enemy, and the great probability of his being deeply fascinated and charmed by the attractions of that enemy, could possibly render her.

“So vividly did her imagination place before her the scene in which he was engaged, that more than once she started up with a sudden resolution of dressing herself, and following him to the house of Augusta, and alleging to her, as indifferently as she could, that she had changed her mind, and felt desirous of joining the party; thus preventing by her presence, the attentions which St. Aubyn, in her absence, might not be indisposed to render to his hostess.

“She was sure that she should be less miserable there than at home, and she rung the bell for the maid to assist her toilette.

“But by the time the summons was obeyed, the inconsistency and strange appearance of such a proceeding occurred to her, and she felt that she ought not to adopt it; and that, in fact, however she might attempt to disguise it, it would be nothing less than telling to Augusta all that was passing in her mind.

““You may go,” said she, turning to the servant, who had obeyed her summons, and stood waiting to know her pleasure.

““I tell you that you may go,” she repeated angrily, as the girl, perceiving her pale and agitated countenance, and still more agitated manner, hesitated to quit her.

“When, however, the command was so sternly repeated, she retired; and Catherine, overwhelmed with a consciousness of terribly wrong conduct, burst into tears. She was naturally kind and considerate to her servants, and beloved by them all:—for her disposition, though hasty, was of too

elevated a kind to feel any pleasure in the exercise of power over her dependents, except to make them comfortable, by the easy manner in which she required their services.

“But now, as the mistress of a family as well as a wife, she was rapidly losing ground in the esteem she had inspired; and, but too conscious that this was the case, she could but mourn with increasing anguish the fatal cause which had led to this subversion of all that was right.

“She sobbed as if her heart would break; and, while thus torn to pieces with passion contending with remorse, a voice struck upon her ear which came from a room adjoining her own, the door of which was open.

“It was a sweet gentle voice softly repeating “mamma!”—It was the voice of Edmund, her only child, which, breaking upon her ear in accents so mild at such a moment as this, gave a check to her emotion, as powerful as it was unexpected.

“She hastened towards him, believing that he called for her—but he was asleep, and in his slumbers had pronounced her name. He, too, seemed to be wrapt in his little visions; but they were apparently of a calmer, happier nature, than those which occupied the waking fancy of his poor mother; for as he slept he smiled, he murmured inarticulate sounds—again he smiled—he even laughed, so gay and pleasant were the images that passed before his dreaming spirit.

“Though the tears were wet upon her cheeks, though the throb of anguish still heaved her bosom, it was impossible for Catherine to withhold a sympathizing smile as she gazed upon her sweet boy. She bent down and kissed his cheek; and, as if she had at last found a pillow of rest for her aching head, she laid it upon his bosom, and though she wept incessantly, it was with tears that now seemed to give her infinite relief.

“Her grief gradually died away in heavy sighs. Images succeeded each other with less rapidity and distinctness—they became obscure and dull—till at length, exhausted and overpowered, she fell asleep by the side of her child.

“In this situation she was discovered by St. Aubyn on his return home—painfully discovered! for had the most minute detail been given him of all she had endured in his absence, it would have less forcibly impressed him than what he beheld. He could trace it all: he could see indeed, in her pale and hollow cheek, strong vestiges of what had passed; and in his mind’s eye he could well pourtray the despair of heart which had driven her to the couch of her child, as to the only asylum which her disordered imagination represented to be left for her, in her self-created sorrow.

““Oh! how worse than childish is this!” he could not forbear from exclaiming; for though affected by her uneasiness, it was not unnatural that an emotion of displeasure should prevail over compassion, when he thought of the unreasonableness which prompted this indulgence of feeling.

“Nevertheless he took her hand with the

utmost tenderness, gently calling upon her to awake

“She was instantly roused at the sound of his voice, and fixed upon him her heavy eyes, with an expression so mournful, that, as if she had addressed to him the bitterest reproaches, he could not refrain from replying to it.

““You are unjust to me, Kate,” he said; “you wrong me cruelly, and one day you will think so, if you do not now.”

“She sighed deeply, but attempted no answer, till, having struggled with the feelings which, as he spoke, almost impeded his words, he was going on to address her again.

““Then rising, she laid her hand upon his arm: “If I do wrong you, St. Aubyn,” she said, “I must beseech you to forgive me. I will try to believe that I am unjust, since you say that I am. But, whether I be so or not, I know that my heart is well nigh broken. Nay, do not look at me so impatiently,” she continued, perceiving the irritation with which he listened to this, “but spare me at this moment any further discussion. Indeed I cannot bear it.

““I am sure that I cannot,” he replied, breaking away from her in fear that he should say any thing to exasperate her, so totally was his indignation excited by the wretched manner in which she appeared to him to be frittering away her peace.”

The second tale, which is scarcely inferior in interest, is that of a young wife who has a thoughtless and dissipated husband, that squanders away his fortune and dies in distress; she is, however, more fortunate in a second marriage, which connects the two tales. In conclusion, we feel much pleasure in expressing our decided approbation of *Trials*, which we can recommend with the utmost confidence to every reader of works of fiction,—in short, to every person who can feel pleasure in seeing a true picture of domestic duties and affections.

The Portfolio. A Collection of Engravings. By J. and H. S. STORER. Nos. 19, 20, 21.

WE have so frequently noticed in favourable terms this work during its progress, that we need not now say more than that every succeeding number of the *Portfolio* convinces us that it deserved all the good things we have said of it. The subjects in the three numbers before us are well selected, and we have among other things a view of the New College at Highbury on the old foundation of ‘Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London;’ several views of Scarborough and its neighbourhood; and a variety of other interesting subjects: the letter-press is as usual antiquarian and descriptive; and we are sure we shall be serving the public in calling the attention to this work of individuals in the possession of drawings, or able to make them, of interesting subjects—of which there are thousands in this country, unknown to the general reader or traveller.

The last Military Operations of General Riego; also the Manner in which he was betrayed and treated until imprisoned at Madrid; to which is added a Narrative of the Suffering of the Author in Prison. By George Matthewes, First Aide-de-Camp to General Riego. 8vo. pp. 101. London, 1824.

THE public is pretty well acquainted with the events in Spain during the year 1828, and we need not now recapitulate how ten millions of people suffered their country to be overrun by seventy thousand French soldiers; nor need we state that Ferdinand VII. is as perfidious as he is despicable and tyrannical, or that Morillo, O'Donnell, and Ballasteros were three traitors. The world knows and appreciates the renegades, and Spain has become the scorn and contempt of the whole world; her population is but a mixture of monks, cowards, robbers, and fanatics—her nobility and officers bands of traitors. Yet there were a few exceptions to this sweeping anathema, though the bigot monarch is lessening the number very rapidly, and if he finds one man whose talents and virtue can do any thing to redeem the character of his degraded country, execution, or at least exile, will be his fate.

The narrative of Mr. Matthewes, however, while it does justice to the memory of one of the few patriots of Spain, proves that this humiliated country is not yet prepared for any great extension of liberty, in the way of a representative or constitutional government. Mr. Matthewes was one of those ardent Englishmen who rushed to the aid of Spain on her being attacked by France. He proceeded from Gibraltar to Malaga and was appointed aide-de-camp to General Riego, whom he accompanied in his last fatal expedition. Riego's object was to bring Ballasteros' army into action, which had been neutralized by the treachery of that chief; but he appears either to have been misinformed as to the situation of the French troops, or very closely watched, for he frequently came in contact with them. Arrived at the lines of Ballasteros' army, General Riego consulted with Mr. Matthewes as to the best means of attacking it. Mr. M. says:—

"I observed, that I conceived the most advantageous mode of attack would be, to charge with the infantry and to flank them with the cavalry. He then desired me to take charge of a party of infantry and a troop of cavalry; and with these I advanced upon the enemy's lines. They fired a volley upon us, when my dastardly cavalry immediately fled: the general seeing this, returned, and ordered another party of cavalry to charge the enemy upon the left. I then led up the infantry, and charged the enemy in front, while the cavalry charged them on the flanks. I entered the lines, shouting "*viva la constitution!*" Ballasteros' army returned the same cry, and immediately ceased firing. Their general, on seeing that his troops had deserted him, and had acted with fidelity to their country, advanced towards me; I rode up to him with

a full intention to run him through the body, which he perceiving, cried out "*viva la constitution, viva Riego!*" His aide-de-camp, who appeared of a contrary opinion, consulted his safety in galloping back to the lines. I returned to Ballasteros, and desired him to wait there until I fetched General Riego; to whom I hastened, and informed him, that General Ballasteros was prisoner. He exclaimed, *viva Matthewes!* and we then galloped with all speed to Ballasteros, who, on the approach of General Riego, advanced to meet him with open arms. The gallant Riego received him cordially, but said, "Ballasteros, how came you to betray your country, and make a capitulation with the French, who are come merely to rob and plunder Spain?" Ballasteros answered, "I could not have lived, had I not done so;" upon which the hero replied, "Now, then, serve your country, and retrieve your honour; by so doing, you will live honoured and beloved by your countrymen, and your name become immortal." Ballasteros answered, "You know I am a constitutionalist." "Yes," said General Riego, "I know you were so in 1821: you gave us proofs of it, in Madrid; but I am sorry to say, since that period you have dishonoured your patriotism; I know you are an experienced general, and capable of commanding an army far better than myself; I therefore offer you the command of the troops—I will do more," said the too generous hero, "I will be your aide-de-camp, if you think proper to command me; or take any other part in which I can serve my country, and protect her liberties. If you would rather I were a deputy of the Cortes, I will return to Cadiz." "But," said Ballasteros, "I cannot forfeit my word of honour, which I pledged on the capitulation with the French." Upon this I could not forbear exclaiming, "General Riego, this is treason to his country and her cause; let Ballasteros and Montes, and the rest of the traitors who command on those heights, suffer the just penalty of their treachery, and you will then have their whole army return to their country's standard." But the heroic Riego's heart was as generous as it was brave, and he suffered the conversation to proceed, whilst my blood boiled with indignation. General Riego answered, "Serve your country, and that will best restore your honour." To which Ballasteros only replied, "I will form my troops." "Form," said General Riego, taking up his sword, "for action?" "No," said the degraded Ballasteros, "not so; but to ascertain if they will agree with your proposal." General Riego observed, "By so doing, you will honour your country, and still more yourself." General Riego then said, "My troops require refreshment, and I want my dinner." Ballasteros offered to send him some. "But," said Riego, "I wish my men to dine too; and to supply their wants I shall march into the town;" and he immediately gave orders to march. Ballasteros accompanied General Riego to his quarters, where the former was immediate-

ly put under arrest. General Riego then issued orders for rations, and levied contributions, and the troops lay down to rest.

General Montes, who belonged to General Ballasteros's army, observed to General Riego, that it was impossible for General Ballasteros to violate his word of honour, which he had pledged to the French. The three generals then retired to hold a conversation privately, the result of which remained a secret: but General Riego declared to me, that General Ballasteros was an infamous traitor.

Failing in the attempt to recover Ballasteros and his army, Riego proceeded, but apparently without much settled purpose; in all the rencontres they had with the French, the Spanish infantry and guerrillas fought well, but the cavalry invariably ran away; at length, their little army was so reduced by desertion, fatigue, or death, and themselves plundered of all their money, that the officers found *saute qui peut* the only advice they could give each other. Near Arguelles they entered a house for refreshment, which unfortunately proved to be kept by a fellow in league with a den of thieves, to whom Riego, his Spanish aide-de-camp Capt. Bayo, and Mr. Mathewes, were betrayed. Nothing could be worse than the treatment they experienced in prison: confined to filthy cells at Carolina, then hurried from gaol to gaol, insulted by the fanatic monks, and even treated with inhumanity by a French general, who had the baseness to give them up to the Spanish authorities at Madrid, where their treatment was not mitigated. The result is known: the brave Riego was executed—murdered we may say, and Mr. Matthewes, after remaining six months in the dungeons of Madrid, was liberated through the interference of Mr. Canning, to whom he had written a letter under peculiar circumstances. Alluding to some little relief he had received, Mr. M. says,—

"In the course of a month after this, the reporter paid me a visit, producing a letter from the ministry in London to the ambassador in Madrid. The latter had sent it to the captain-general, with four hundred reals (twenty dollars), "to be given to George Matthewes, who was taken with the rebellious Riego." I here stopped him short, and demanded to know who wrote that; saying, "If Riego was a rebel, he paid the forfeit and full penalty of such an offence; his name has no right to be branded with the appellation; and whoever so wrote was a villain. I was not a rebel; the term applied to those who were enemies to the constitution. I then requested he would allow me to answer the letter; but this he refused, saying, it required no answer. I then told him that my poverty alone consented to accept the pittance he had brought me—requesting him to thank verbally those who sent it, since he would not permit me to do it by writing. This he promised to comply with, and left me.

"A young pigeon came in at the bars of my prison about two months before this last remittance from London, and took re-

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fuge with me. It formed my chief amusement and employ to feed and cherish it.

A thought struck me, that I could write a letter with one of its quills; I called my little Yorick (that being the name I had given him), and examined his wing; but I found the quills rather soft:—however, I plucked one, with which I wrote a letter to Mr. Canning, requesting him to accept my most sincere and grateful thanks for the assistance he had sent me; at the same time expressing my regret at the expressions made use of in a letter to the captain-general at Madrid, respecting the late unfortunate General Riego; that I did not conceive myself a rebel, but a citizen of the world, a gentleman, and a man of honour. This letter I sent by the gentleman who had taken the others.

The last remittance enabled me to furnish my fellow prisoners with pecuniary assistance, which afforded me infinite joy and satisfaction. Captain Bayo, our unfortunate companion, had a rich uncle in Madrid, who furnished him with every necessary, &c. I received this information with pleasure. I then procured the Piedmontese a few necessities. I had a companion who paid me a visit every night;—this was a little mouse, which I caught at last, and cured him, stuffed him, and brought him to England—he had become quite domesticated. I also amused myself with drawing upon the wall of my prison. I drew myself in full size, with my right arm extended, and fore finger pointing to the words, "What injustice is here!" I also drew a tree on the opposite side; and upon one of its branches I described the figure of a dove; at the end of his bill were these words, "What anguish I feel!" and round the holl of the tree was a serpent with his sting protruded, with the scroll, "I shall revenge myself at last;" at the same time looking at the dove. These sentences were written in Spanish; and when the soldiers came into the dungeon, they looked at them with astonishment. This gave me frequent opportunities of conversing with them, and to cultivate their good will by a glass of wine, &c. By this means I caused them to relax a little of their rigour and brutality towards me, and so rendered my irksome situation easier to endure. About this time I had a little puppy given me, of some three months old. This creature afforded me a fund of amusement: in a little time I taught him to stand sentry at the door: and when any person approached, he used to bark, by which I always had an opportunity when writing to conceal my papers. My repository for these secrets was my pigeon's nest, where no one thought of looking: it stood aloof in one corner of the room; and when I put my papers, &c. in it, he used to sit upon them; so that frequently, when they were sent to the post, they were all over dirt.

Mr. Mathewes's narrative, though somewhat too egotistical and rather slovenly written, will be read with interest, exhibiting, as it does, a melancholy picture of odious tyranny on the one hand and unmerited suf-

fering on the other. He must be unfeeling, indeed, who does not pity the fate of Riego, and ungenerous who does not admire the fidelity and attachment of Mr. Mathewes to him in his worst misfortunes.

Views in Australia; or New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land delineated in Fifty Views, with descriptive Letter-press. By J. LYCETT, Artist to Major-General Macquaire, late Governor of those Colonies. Part I. Imperial 4to. London, 1824.

It is well observed in a well-written advertisement to this work, that when the interesting origin and rapidly increasing importance of these colonies (New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land) are considered, it is surprising that the present should be the first attempt to give the British public any adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty of their natural scenery, or any correct representation of their chief settlements. It is not, however, to this object that the *Views in Australia* are confined; the work is intended to be at the same time a history of the discovery, settlement, and progress of these colonies, and a graphic delineation of the principal scenery, and of every object of interest in that part of the New World. The views, which, so far as we can judge by the first part, are well selected, are from sketches made on the spot by Mr. Lycett, whose opportunities as artist to the governor, during a residence of ten years in the country, gave him great advantages.

It is intended to comprise the work in twelve numbers, of four views each, the first of which is just published. It contains views of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and Kissing Point, the residence and brewery of the Whitbread of Australia,—the late Mr. James Squires. The other views are Hobart Town, and Mount Wellington, in Van Dieman's Land. The engravings are all in lithography, and the views are so fascinating that we do not know whether the book ought not to be suppressed by government, as holding out a strong temptation to the commission of crime, in order to reach this modern Canaan. The engravings are well executed; the letter-press, though brief, is apposite; and we know of no work of this description better entitled to public patronage.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, IN THE SHIP SURREY, IN THE YEAR 1821. BY CAPT. RAINE.

WE are happy in being enabled to supply our readers with some curious particulars of this interesting island. The long series of occurrences connected with its history, would of themselves be sufficient to rivet our attention to any thing concerning it; but, when the character of its inhabitants presents features more novel and wonderful than all the affecting events with which its name is associated, we are ready to regard

the whole rather as a fairy scene of poetic vision than a picture of sober truth; but we forbear to enlarge in introductory remarks. Capt. Raine shall speak for himself; and the perspicuity and feeling with which the extraordinary circumstances of his visit are narrated, will not, we are confident, be less gratifying to the curiosity of our readers than affecting to their Christian tenderness. We acknowledge that we are indebted for this narrative to the *Australian Magazine*, published in New South Wales, to whom Capt. Raine, of the *Surrey*, communicated it:—

EXTRACT FROM CAPT. RAINE'S JOURNAL.
Monday, April 9, 1821.

'At four p. m. we shaped our course for Pitcairn's Island; during the night had squally weather, with much thunder, lightning, and hail.—Towards the morning the weather clear, and at eight, although 55 miles distant, we saw the island right ahead; and at four p. m. on Tuesday we were close up with it. But, though we saw many cultivated spots, we could not discern any habitations or landing-place, till just as we were rounding the S. E. point, when, to our great astonishment and joy, we saw the British flag hoisted. In a very few minutes after, a canoe came alongside with two men in it, who asked in good English, "How do you do?" We hove to, and they came on board. Their names we learnt to be Edward Quintal and George Young. Two other canoes also came, in which were Donald M Koy and Charles Christian, Robert Young and Edward Young. The effect which the appearance of these men had upon all of us it is difficult to describe. They were quite naked, excepting a covering entwined with so much neatness around their middle, that the most delicate eye could not be offended. I remarked at Easter Island, that I thought the natives there resembled Europeans; but here I saw the features of *Englishmen*, and heard them speak in my native tongue; and the colour of their skin was so very light, that it appeared more the effect of the sun, than of the mixture of blood. I asked them down into the cabin, and set before them something to eat; but, before they would touch the food, they devoutly implored a blessing, and, when they had finished, returned thanks. The night coming on, I was preparing to prosecute my voyage; but they begged with so much warmth and importunity that I would stay till the following day, when they said they would provide us with a large stock of yams, plantains, and cocoa-nuts, &c. that I could not refrain from acceding to their wishes. Having determined upon waiting, Dr. Ramsay, the second officer, and myself, went on shore in the gig, the canoes following us. But when we arrived at the landing-place we were much alarmed, there being a great surf, and the entrance between two rocks being very narrow. I therefore laid off, when the natives coming up in their canoes, told us to wait, and pulled direct in, hauled their canoes up, and then, being joined by many others who had come down, one of them swam off to us, and the rest

got upon the rocks to show us the channel. This scene was, I think, the most romantic I ever read of, or ever saw. The men on the rocks, with the plantain-leaves in their hands, watched the roll of the sea, and kept us from coming in till the subsiding of the waves offered a good opportunity, when they all waved their leaves and cried out, "Start now! Start now!" We were at this time lying with the boat's head right for the channel, and immediately at this signal gave way with a good will, and were carried in past the rocks with wonderful velocity; when they all got hold of the boat and dragged her safely up, and, when we had landed, lifted her with great ease on their shoulders, and carried her beyond the reach of the surf. There being little wind, I determined upon staying all night, which gave them great pleasure. I never saw poor creatures so happy as they seemed. We were met, on landing, by young Adams, the son of John Adams, the only surviving Englishman of the *Bounty*.—He told us his father was very ill, unable, from biles and sores, to get out of bed. This was owing to a whaler's having touched there, whose crew were severely afflicted with the scurvy, many of whom remained on shore a week, and thus, on leaving the island, left behind them their noxious contagion, as nearly all the inhabitants were soon after affected with eruptions in the skin.

"We being all assembled, and having received their usual compliments, such as "How do you do? I am so happy to see you," &c. we prepared for our walk to their habitations, which we could nowhere perceive, and were at a loss to conceive where they were situated—for we were now at the bottom of a small bay, surrounded by hills that appeared insurmountable; but, on looking up, we saw two of them about half way on the side of a deep precipice. It was a complete "*Rob Roy*" scene: the mountains, from their summits to their feet, were covered with verdure. Having got every thing ready that we brought on shore, to make use of their own words, "we started," and, taking a short turn round one of the rocks, we began to ascend, one by one, in a foot-path. They would fain have carried the whole of us. Having climbed the first height, we opened into a beautiful grove of cocoa-nut trees, where they proposed to "*blow a little*." This place was actually enchanting—the moon shining so brightly through the trees, the appearance of our companions being so novel, and our imaginations being, perhaps, assisted by our own feelings. And here I saw in these poor fellows the beauty of religion, for, before we again started, they said, "I think better say now—past sun-down;" to which they all agreed, and stood up, forming a circle, and sung a hymn, which begins thus:—

"Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice."

They then knelt down, and one of them offered up a prayer, to which all were very attentive, holding up their hands to Heaven,

and saying "*Amen!*" After this they again stood up, and sang another hymn, which when done, with all the cheerfulness possible, we resumed our journey. On my asking them why they did that then, they told me they always have prayers the first thing in the morning, at ten in the forenoon, at sun-set, and on going to bed "Because," said they, "suppose we no pray to God, we be very soon bad men."

"After ascending another height, we opened into a beautiful clear spot, where we found seven dwelling-houses, and various out-houses for their pigs, &c. and both before and behind them a fine grass-plot. Here we were met by the whole of the inhabitants, men, women, and children (except John Adams and his wife), whose total number is forty-nine, and who really did not know how to make enough of us. The women were soon despatched to get supper for us, and the men would make us taste their spirits, which they had just distilled; it was very good, something like whisky. When they drank to our health, they never forgot that of Capt. King and Capt. Douglas, who appear to have been very kind to them.

"As soon as we had got over our first encounter, I expressed a wish to see John Adams, as they always call him; we were consequently all shown to his house, when I delivered to him a parcel of books from Miss Thornton, of Battersea, for which he was very thankful. On first seeing him, he was sitting on his bed with an Otaheitean woman, his wife, almost superannuated. I must confess I was rather surprised at his reception of us, as he did not evince that feeling one would naturally expect from such a person on seeing his countrymen. He is a man of, I should think, about sixty years of age, is very stout and bloated, and stands about five feet ten.

"As I was very curious to have the true account of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, I procured from him the following information:

"After that ship's leaving Otaheite, for the prosecution of her voyage to the West Indies, a very few days had elapsed when many of the crew, infatuated with the females, and disgusted with Bligh's tyranny, formed the plan of taking the ship, which they soon accomplished; and having given the captain the long-boat, and allowed those that liked to go with him, they returned to Otaheite, where again those that chose had liberty to remain. The rest, viz.—Christian Adams, M'Koy, Young, Quintral, Wilson, Martin, Brown, and Mills, having taken Otaheitean wives, with six Otaheitean men and their wives, left that island, and went to a neighbouring one, where they remained some time; but, some difference arising between the natives of this island and themselves, they could not settle there, and therefore again returned to Otaheite, which, when they had procured what they wanted, they again forsook, and (as Adams told me) kept in Carteret's track, some one having his voyage on board. They made Pitcairn's Island, where they ran close in and anchored; and, being very much afraid of being

discovered, in less than a week they got what they could out of the ship, and then set fire to her; when she soon parted and drifted upon the rocks, where the remains of her still exist. In going on shore, one of the black women was drowned, and this was the origin of the dreadful work that soon afterwards ensued. The first place they pitched upon was the one in which they now live, but which they then only cleared in the middle; so that from the sea their habitations could not be seen. From Adams's account, they appear to have been very industrious, and were doing well, until the jealousy of the black men arose. For this jealousy Adams acknowledges there existed grounds. At length, the Otaheiteans waylaid them; and, having muskets, they first shot Wilson, as he was at work in the bush, and Christian next, who, however, had some revenge, for he killed some of their party; three others of the whites were also killed, Martin, Brown, and Mills, and all but two Otaheiteans. Adams was also dreadfully wounded by a ball passing under his ear, and coming out under his chin, the scar of which he showed us; he, however, tried to get away from them; but they hallooed to him, and said they were satisfied, and if he would stop and join them, they would all be friends. To this he consented, and all got safely to their huts; but these two blacks were that night murdered by the women. One of them had his head cut off whilst asleep, and the other was at the same moment shot. Thus was terminated this dreadful conspiracy among so small a community. Christian left three children, two boys and one girl, and Mills two, both of whom soon died. The Englishmen remaining had children as follows:—M'Koy, one boy and one girl; Adams, one boy and three girls; Young, four boys and two girls; and Quintral, two boys and two girls. Of the four survivors, three died nine or ten years ago, one of an asthma, another of a consumption, and the third by falling down the rocks; and John Adams is now the only white man on the island, and the different families are named after their respective heads, the Youngs, the Christians, the M'Koy's, the Quintrals, and Adams's.

"Having thus obtained the particulars from the old gentleman, they were all very anxious for us to assemble in Young's house. On arriving there, we found the women had not been idle, by the fine supper we saw provided, consisting of a fine, large, roasted pig, bananas, yams, and a very pleasant beverage made from cocoa-nut. Old Adams was glad to find himself so revived as to be able to join us; and after they had seated us at the table, and themselves in a ring upon the floor, which they had spread with plantain-leaves, the old man said grace as follows (which was likewise done by one of the other group): "O God! bless this perishing food for the nourishment of our bodies, and feed our souls with the bread of eternal life, for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen!" Supper being finished, before any one arose, grace was again said, and then, as I before remarked, they were as

cheerful as possible. Just as we were about to depart, we again assembled in their habitations, and their prayers, "We were beds upstairs, five feet long, consisted of a comfortable, and white, which (one of the Youngs) kept time, and in much. He wished very much that is to teach do what is good," said he, "Adams is very us any more enough either mark. Adams credit for having a sense of religion has never had any education he should have had. At present well, and frequently took them read so can write, unless some them; for now too old. In this brothers joined, said, "We suppose we have attention, and years now so we think them, who best to get ed in great we like to us, we need and genuine these poor filled me served by word no least vice such bro comply velling a remark it by s were th as we th and the doing e were in possess other. We a of Cap tive un

ORIGINAL.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW IN THE SOUTH-WEST OF IRELAND.

'O! what a dainty pleasure 'tis,
To sail in the air
When the moon shines fair.

* * * * *
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howl of wolves, no yelp of hounds,
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's roar, our height can reach!"

MIDDLETON'S WITCH.

A GREAT ethic philosopher * said very wisely, some few thousand years ago, that if you tread on a nail, it will cut your toes. I do not know whether we may find so evidently natural a consequence of causes and effects in the present state of affairs in Ireland, but indeed I am very confident that if those good people who complain of having their toes cut in that quarter, would retrace their steps, and examine the ground on which they trod, they would find that what they complain of was quite as much the result of their own improvidence, as in the case of the careless fellow who looks on the stars, and sets his foot upon a nail.—And give me leave to say, that while I myself should have enough of irritability in my composition to swear at the innocent piece of metal, yet it certainly is a very natural piece of retaliation upon its part; and, *parvis componere magna*, shall I not say the same of my poor, old, oppressed friends?

They are so.—And it is only that fact that induces me to speak at all of their political situation—for otherwise it has no more to do with my subject than the History of King Uter Pendragon, or that 'knyghte of worshippe—Balin of the two swordes.' But I cannot dwell upon the many many associations of delight which that subject brings with it, slowly arising one after the other like spectres from the tomb of memory,—I cannot sit me down for the sole purpose of recalling the days of my early life, which were spent amongst those people, while they were at least peaceful and contented in their privations, before the artifices of the wicked instruments of wicked men incited them to make trial of their power—and a few dreadful experiments showed them they had much and misled them to believe they had more—without indulging a moment's individual sorrow at the ruin which has been

* Epictetus.

wrought. I am at this moment summing before the inward vision of my thought, a very pleasant scene, that is long long since with the dead of time past. It was the last November-Eve I spent in the land of my infancy. Every part of the picture is methodically strengthening and asserting its place on the imaginary canvass.—I see it all now—as I look on the sea-coal fire—with my pen in one hand, resting on my knee—the other placed beneath my temple—my elbow on the table—my feet crossed—and my little white cat on the hearth rug, purring and basking in the heat.—Every figure of that circle was then more than a companion. We were all young—in the joyance of early boyhood. Chance threw opportunities in my way, which were denied to them—and I lost my first friends. I remember, Edmund Burke says, in one of his works, that he lost, in acquiring the tact of criticism, all the pleasure which he found in the contemplation of the mediocre, and a great deal of that resulting from the higher works of arts—and if this be the case—as we know it is—and we give it more general application, what gain we by the acquisition of a finer wisdom but a greater difficulty of enjoyment?

Suppose then, we are fairly launched forth together in Lucian's car—or in Hecate's cloud—or in a kind of pilotable balloon, like that in which we saw young Joey and Signor Paulo (which is, in the vulgar, Paul Redge) perform their trip to Paris in the last Covent Garden pantomime. We take our ascent, then, from Thomond Bridge, or the Salmon Weir, in Limerick. We are already some perches into the region of the wind. Do you observe those few arches beneath us, which cross the river near St. Mary's Chapel—in the water which flows under them, the Abbey River, is deposited a treasure which has oft been sought in vain by the dreamers of the East: the gold and silver balls of the abbey, when the city was at one time closely besieged, were flung over that bridge, and never after recovered. Now turn your eyes to the cathedral of St. Mary's, which we have just begun to over-top. It is not for any architectural merit that I call your attention to it—it has none but its loftiness, and that has been almost studiously deteriorated by the selection of the very lowest situation that could be found for it—but there are chivalrous associations connected with the old pile, which, with me, do more than

cheerful as possible. Without exception, I think it was the happiest evening I ever spent. Just before retiring to bed, they again assembled, but at their respective habitations, and sang a psalm, offered up their prayers, and concluded with a hymn. We were provided with very comfortable beds upstairs, in a room of about twenty-five feet long and fifteen broad. The beds consisted of dried leaves, very soft and comfortable, and the clothes were those of Otahite, which answered the purpose well.—One of the Youngs, who slept at the foot of my bed, kept me in conversation for some time, and in a manner that surprised me much. He first began by saying, "We wish very much that person would arrive that is to teach us to read and write, and to do what is good towards God; because," said he, "we don't know enough. John Adams is very good man, but he can't teach us any more now; and he don't know enough either." This was a very true remark. Adams certainly deserves every credit for having given these people so true a sense of religion as they have; but as he has never had, I may almost venture to say, any education, it could not be expected that he should have done more than he really has. At present many of them read very well, and are very fond of it; for they frequently took up their Bibles, and we heard them read several chapters. None of them can write, nor do I think they ever will, unless some one remain with them and teach them; for Adams, although he can write, is now too old to undertake the task.

In this conversation with Young his brothers joined, and they all repeatedly said, "We wish to do what is right; and, suppose we get this man, we pay great attention, and do every thing he tell us. Two years now since we heard this man coming; so we think now he never come." I told them, when I went home, I would do my best to get one sent out, when they exclaimed in great joy—"Oh! you good captain! we like to hear you talk so; you no forget us, we never forget you!" The simplicity and genuine goodness, so manifest in all these poor fellows' conduct and expressions, filled me with admiration; and it was observed by the whole of us, that in neither word nor deed did they ever evince the least vice. To one another they displayed such brotherly affection, such willingness to comply with each other's wishes, that quarrelling appeared almost impossible. This remark I made to Adams, who confirmed it by saying, that he thought they really were the happiest people in the world, for, as we then saw them, so they always were; and their greatest pleasures consisted in doing each other good, for, although they were in separate families, whatever one possessed was always at the disposal of the other.

We are compelled to defer the remainder of Capt. Raine's highly interesting narrative until next week.

supply its other wants. It was once a palace,—the palace of Mononia's kings. The mass ousted the banquet, and the ritual the mass. The monotonous declamation of the pulpit orator succeeded the quaint jest, and the laughter peal and the swell of the organ, the light-fingered minstrelsy of Erin's national instrument. It was, I believe, first given to the church by a son of the immortal Brian, who is by some people supposed to sleep somewhere near the foot of Bally-valley Mountain, which you can now discern in the distance, peering over the eastern horizon, and, rising clift by clift from the beautiful country that surrounds its base. Within that cluster of trees, situate on the banks of the Shannon, between the mountain and the village of Killaloe, with its bridge of many arches,—within that little grove, or fort, as it is called by the rustics of the place, from the fact of its having once been used as such, in the wars of Brian,—I recollect taking a rural *dejeuné* with a merry company of old and young. We had left Castle Connell, famous for its spa, and Dan Hayes's rhyming panegyric upon it, in the flat-bottomed cots, which are adapted to the shallowness of the stream—proceeded up the river—explored the wonders and the beauties of a spot consecrated by its poetic memories, talked and laughed with the peasants—ascended Bally valley, and surveyed the vast extent of country around—and shrunk back as we looked directly down its almost perpendicular side on the wide stream at its base, where the boatmen in their skiffs and lighters, gathering marl from 'the slimy bosom of the deep,' appeared almost like summer flies upon its surface. But let me weary you no longer with my own individual recollections of those 'days long past, and never to return.'—Let us fly westward, and make our observations as we sail along upon the bosom of the wind, taking in the wide prospect beneath us in a bird's eye glance.

Do you see that village and the lovely demesne near it, about eight miles to the west of the city, with the small mazy river, the Mague, so delightfully intersecting it, and forming a half ring of silver around that ill-shaped, mean, unmeaning, whitewashed pile, whose size alone shows it to be the mansion of the manor. That old ivy-clad castle so picturesquely overhanging the stream, close to Adare Bridge, was a fortress of the redoubtable Desmond; the other, I believe, a priory of Franciscans; the cloisters are still in being,

and the old steeple almost perfect, but robed all over with thick ivy, and dilapidated in every possible means of access or ascent. The owner of the estate, for reasons best known to himself, a few years since, tore away the ivy from the east end of the pile—what pleasant work we sometimes see go forward when good country gentlemen imagine that the same chance which threw a tolerable old ruin into their heritance, at the same time threw into their physical composition *materiel* for a *delleltanti* :—

'He that rifles the dead man's grave
Shall never rest in his own!'

The poor folks complain sadly of a late improvement in that church yonder which superseded all veneration for the remains of their mouldering kindred. Some pretty idea suggested itself, and the church-yard was cleared of its peaceful tenants' fleshless bones, and half-decayed coffins, which had lain i' the earth for many lustra, were heaved forth into the light again, and the place sealed up from future intruders.

You may now see the advantages of mind asserting themselves in that apparently newly reclaimed estate, a few miles westward of the last, with its hills of gorse and wood, and gravely elegant mansion;—do not smile at that little water,—it is growing fast, and will soon be a very considerable ornament. The *propriété* and good order observable about it show that the proprietor is at least not an habitual absentee, notwithstanding the temptations which must occur to a literary man above all others.

Krucx Fierna! The hill of the fairies! you may see it over the southern horizon, with its double peak and sweeping cultivated descent: this is the supreme court of all the tiny revellers of the night, and is held in high veneration by the country people. On the very height is a well, which, say the valley dwellers, has never yet been fathomed; a curious fellow, some time since, threw a stone into it, and had it returned to him in no ceremonious wise, in consequence of which he almost lost his eyesight, and there has been no peeping since.

I shall conclude this aërostatic excursion (for it is almost time for us to descend) with—a piece of treason—a *croppie* song :—

There was an oak in Ireland's isle,
And bravely it did grow, grow,—
Grow with a shamrock at its foot
And a bunch of leghero *!
A Dane first came, with sword and flame,
To hew this merry old oak;
And he whetted his axe, and he took his aim,
To deal it a deadly stroke;

* Rushes.

And he chopped, and chopped, and chopped
at it,
And still the old oak did stand, stand,
And spread its branches gaily yet,
O'er merry old Erin's land.
Then health to the oak of Erin's isle,
And stoutly may it grow, grow,—
Grow with a shamrock at its foot,
And a bunch of loghero!

It was a pleasant sight to view,
When they struck with might and main,
How this jolly old tree did shake its sides,
And laughed at its enemies' pain.
And still they chopped, and chopped at it,
And still the old oak did stand, stand,
And spread its branches gaily yet,
In merry old Erin's land.

Then health, &c.

At length a knave, of Sassenach blood,
Came over the eastern sea,
And he marked where stood this gallant wood,
A flourishing giant tree.
And he did not chop, but cunningly
Took tithe of every spray;
And bit after bit he nibbled it,
Till he nibbled it all away.
O hone! for the oak of Erin's isle,
Away, away, it did go, go,—
Go with the shamrock at its foot
And the bunch of loghero.

My merry men laugh out again,
There's matter still for mirth;
Though the head of the old oak perished then,
Its root is still i' the earth.
But if ye would bring into the light
The root that now lies dead,
Ye must till it bravely all the long night,
With spades of steel and lead!
Then drink to the oak of Erin's isle,
And soon again may it grow, grow,—
Grow with the shamrock at its foot,
And the bunch of loghero!

Oude.

MORALITY IN MAXIMS.

WE have been more amused than edified by the two following of Odoherty's Maxims, in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine :—

'MAXIM 67.

'The extreme instance of the bathos is this: any modern sermon after the litany' (*quare* liturgy) 'of the church of England.'

This maxim is sound and orthodox enough: nor are we disposed to controvert it. We like both Mr. Odoherty's piety and sound taste. Yet, soft!—mark what follows. What think you, reader, of the very next maxim? to wit,

'MAXIM 68.

'The finest of all times for flirtation is a wedding. They are all agog, poor things.'

Surely, here is somewhat of the moral bathos; what an extraordinary juxtaposition? We are almost tempted to believe that Odoherty wrote his invaluable maxims, his *aurea dicta*, on separate slips of paper, and left the arrangement and numbering of them to

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the printer. Or else he must have made his rack-punch stronger than usual,—or have swallowed more of it than was quite prudent when he came to his 68th maxim. Maxims 73 to 79 inclusive, relate to punch, from which it will appear that the ensign attaches full as much importance to this article as to any point of orthodoxy, ethics, or politics. Nor has he forgotten to utter, *ex cathedra*, as it were, a grave dogma or two respecting salmon, and the prodigious heresy of eating it with lobster sauce. The whole of these maxims form certainly a very piquant olio (vulgarily called hotch-potch) of high-church piety, ultra-loyalty, sensuality, and libertinism,—mixed up with such exquisite art, that it is difficult to say which most predominates. The tenets upon which this staunch admirer of our church liturgy lays the greatest strength, are, that a Whig must be radically bad; this he doubts no more than that two and two make four, or than he does any axiom in geometry; that eating and drinking is or ought to be the main end of our existence, and that to this point all our faculties ought to be devoted;—that a selfish worldly morality is perfectly compatible with piety, and that all who dissent from his party, either in politics, religion, or taste, are miserable wretches to whom no mercy of any kind ought to be shown, but that every kind of abuse is perfectly allowable, when employed against them. This seems to us to be some of this writer's creed, and a more convenient one was surely never devised. It has nothing whatever of asceticism; but is a jolly, gormandizing, drinking, swaggering, hectoring kind of morality, upon which a gentleman may go to church comfortably, flirt comfortably, swear comfortably, dine comfortably, get drunk comfortably, and then very composedly tell all the rest of the world, who either cannot or like not to do the same, that they are miserable despicable wretches. We are rather tempted to apply, on this occasion, the words of Lord Orford, as they appear in a letter, which, according to the public prints, he has lately written to some persons who had solicited him to become the president of a Bible society:—after reflecting somewhat upon their hypocrisy in wishing to thrust on him an office for which, it appears by his lordship's own confession, he is certainly not the most eligible person, he somewhat energetically exclaims, 'God forgive me! I would sooner be with sinners than with such

saints.'—Really, we cannot say much in behalf of the piety, the prudence, or the good taste which can recommend with equal fervour our excellent church liturgy, flirtation, and rack punch. In future, thanks to Mr. Odoherty, we shall hardly ever hear one of these mentioned, without thinking of the other two.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. VII.

THERE is an old proverb, that it is less hazardous for one man to steal a horse than for another to look over the hedge; the truth of the proverb has been proved in the case of Mr. O'Callaghan, and Gourlay the amateur stone-breaker. O'Callaghan canes an impertinent parson, and gets a month's confinement in one of the worst gaols in the kingdom, whilst Gourlay horsewhips an unoffending lawyer and M. P. to boot, and is better provided for than ever he was in his life—the thing has been quite a Godsend to the man; but we confess it is a cruel undervaluing of poor Brougham's shoulders and reputation thus to reward the man that assaulted him.

The prorogation of Parliament, by the King in person, was a noble and a gorgeous sight, though not new to me. Some of the opposition papers, not able to discover any thing else to find fault with, grumble at the shortness of the King's speech: they, forsooth, would have his Majesty to be as prosing as Joe Hume or Mr. Irving, or, in short, as an American President. Really these men are like the poor soldier who, while under the whip, complained first that the drummer struck him too high and then too low; when the flogger, an Irish lad, exclaimed, 'Arrah! by my fait, there's no plasing you at all at all.'

The return of my friend, Sir William Curtis, to this country, will afford me an opportunity (I trust) of enriching your columns with an account of his voyage. The first intelligence of the worthy baronet's arrival was by a telegraphic despatch from Ramsgate, to Bleaden, of the King's Head, the celebrated dealer in turtle, and the immediate consequence was an advance in that article of 100 per cent. Sir William will not, however, get to town so soon as was expected, as the vessel in which he sailed has been put under quarantine, against which he protests loudly. He says it is an invasion of the city's privileges, precisely like that of Charles II. in the celebrated *quo warranto* business (from which he contends

the word quarantine is derived), and trembles, unless strong resistance is made, that he may meet with the fate of Alderman Cornish. An alderman and sheriff-elect will, however, afford a *Key* to the business at once.

In my rambles, my eye caught an advertisement of a dinner, to be held at the Freemason's Tavern, by the Society for Christian Benevolence; now, as Job says that Satan appeared amongst the sons of God, I thought there would be no impropriety in Asmodeus going to dine with this society. I therefore got a ticket for fourteen shillings, and appeared at the festive board at four precisely, when, to my surprise, I found dinner on the table, and my old friend Laurie, the saddler—now by the grace of God and the pleasure of the throne, as my friend Dr. Waugh has it,—Sir Peter Laurie, sheriff of Middlesex, in the chair. No man can help reminiscences; and it certainly was not my fault that the worthy knight had so arranged the sheriff's chain as to remind me of a saddle tree. Dr. Waugh, in a graceful manner and broad Scottish accent, implored a divine blessing on the repast, when to it we went tooth and nail; the eyes of the guests even outstepping their appetites, of which they had no reason to complain; a dead silence ran through the whole horse-shoe table, which was only interrupted by the grating of knives and changing of plates. Cloth being removed, Dr. Waugh again said grace, and after a due pause, Sir Peter rose in all the majesty of official dignity, to propose 'the King, with three,' *not three times three*, that honour being reserved as a climax for a still greater personage. The Duke of York and the royal family having followed in due course, the toast-master called aloud, chair! chair!—the sheriff arose, and, casting a leering eye of inviting approbation on all the guests, he gave them three distinct hems, and thus began: 'I rise, gentlemen, under peculiar feelings of gratitude, for the honour you have done me in calling me to the chair, of which you thought me most worthy, or you would not have done it. We are met here to celebrate the anniversary of the Society of Christian Benevolence, a charity, gentlemen, which may be offered as a pattern to all the world—a society which educates poor children at three-pence per week; we are, gentlemen, nearly all Scotchmen—nay, I may call it a Scotch society, that has done so much good for the rising generation. The children (I wish they were here) would astonish you with the progress they make in

their education, in reading, writing, and arithmetic; but, gentlemen, the society is in debt, and we must pay it; we must make the society prosper, which, next to John Ker, owes its glory to its patron, the glory of Scotland, the glory of the world, to the excellent man on my right, Dr. Waugh. I wish he was not here, that I might tell you all I know about him; I have known him twenty years intimately, and, gentlemen, there is not such another man on earth; I have known him these twenty years, and hope (here Sir Sheriff was very pathetic, laying his hand on his heart) to know him so many years more:—Dr. Waugh's health, with three thunders of applause.

The reverend gentleman rose, and, in a pure broad Scotch accent, delivered—what you shall hear: ‘Gentlemen and bretheren, I rise to return you thanks, but I scarcely know how to do it worthily after the flattering things that my excellent friend on my left has said. He's a mon I like varra much, for several reasons; first, he's a Scotsman, and I like all Scotsmen; second, he's a seceder; and why is he a seceder? I mun tell you that his father was a seceder, and I hope his children, if he has any, will be seceders; I like him too, because he likes this society, and because he likes your pastor; but, above all, I like him for the modesty with which he bears his high station, and the high honours it has pleased divine Providence and the throne so graciously to bestow upon him. [Here Sir Peter seemed to rise several inches in height and dignity.] And I'll tell you, my freends, the best on't is, that he uses his high honours and great patronage [qu. where, what, and how, save over gaolers and gaol birds?] for the good of this society; by the bye, that word reminds me that I munna forget to tell you what I think on't. We edecate, you know, 140 bairns, and we are in debt; fie upo' you,—a Scotch society in debt! Now, I'll tell you what passed between me and a governor of the Sunday School, that flourishes like a green bay-tree. I axed him how they come on; he said, “At first, we were only six, and we prayed six months in vain; at length, I said, I believe we must do more than pray, we must subscribe, and so we did, and how much think you?”—I told him I was prepared to say a small sum, knowing them to be Scotchmen;—“Why, mon, we subscribed twa shillings and seven-pence ha'-penny.”—There's an example for you, my friends, and now

they are richer in charity than we. I'll tell you what is your duty, and I have God's commands for doing it: you mun pay your debts, you mun support this charity, the poor little tattered louts,—d'ye know what they are? I'll tell you: they're angels, and guarded by angels, so you must support them. If you bring them up well, who knows but there may be a Jonas Hanway or a John Howard locked up in their angel minds,—aye, a Nelson or a Wellington. I'm sorry that in the thirty years we've kept up the school, no such men has sprung up, but the more is our merit in supporting it. You will make them good tradesmen, and they'll watch over your property in the night: d'ye think the puir silly watchmen protects us; I'll tell you nae, and I'll put the saddle on the right horse; its my excellent friend, Sir Peter, at the head of honest tradesmen; I've known him long by ee sight, but I always found him an honest mon, and he has deserved his glory and blushing honours, and I'll make a point ont to be better acquainted with him. Now, my freends, out wi' your money; you'll not be a baubee the poorer for't at Christmas; God tells you so by my lips: and, having naught mair to say, I'll haud my tongue: now here's to the health of our worthy president, with “*three times three*.” Sir Peter returned thanks, and assured the society that he took particular care of the Scotch criminals in Newgate, and comforted them,—that one of them was a school-mistress in the gaol, &c. The other business of the day was disposed of, a collection made of more than two shillings and seven pence half-penny, and the party withdrew in good humour, but none so elated and flush with glory and success as Sir Peter Laurie and his patronage. Indeed, the sheriff-enjoyed at this moment a happiness to be envied even by

ASMODEUS.

Original Poetry.

BYRON: A SONNET.

FAREWELL, thou noble one, whose very soul
Burn'd with the genuine fire of poesy!
‘No more, no more, oh! never more’ from thee
Will the fresh vivid verse spontaneous roll!
Thy sun has set in its full summer prime:—
Thy energetic song will never die,
But shine aloft in full intensity,
And shed a halo on our age and clime.
While passion, sensibility survive,
While heav'n-born genius to mankind is dear,
Adorn'd with honour's laurel-crown 'twill live,
Exciting many a sympathetic tear;
Like the fam'd vestal flame in Latin story,
'Twill beam unquench'd, unquenchable, in glory.

S. L.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Oh! I would hush my useless lyre,
And let it hang for nobler hands than mine
Had I not seen that pure ethereal fire,
That flashes from a Byron's soul divine.
Immortal Greece! he liv'd with thee,
Upon thy marble shores; oh, let him sleep—
'Tis well befitting that he there should lie,
That kindred bosoms o'er his manes may weep;
But tho' he fades before the anxious eye,
His spirit, like the sunbeams, has not set;
The fountain's gone, but yet a radiant sky
Declares a star these eyes have never met.
I see him in the pure immortal page
Ennobl'd by his minstrelsy;
I see him in the Argive iron age,
Proclaiming his adopted children free;
I see him, like the God of nature beaming
His vernal sunshine on the enraptur'd sight;
His Spirit, like the proud Euphrates, stream-
ing
His soul in all the horrors of the fight.
He is beauteous, like that pure translucent
wave,
Which (if we believe what bards have told,
When erst the gods their bodies us'd to lave)
Involv'd their feet in yellow sands of gold.
O yes, his song the soul composes,
It lulls it in what cannot be express'd;
It lays the body on a bed of roses,
And sheds a ceaseless halo round the breast;
His spirit hurls dread thunders o'er the main,
And echo sends their sweetness back again.
Oh, from the eagle would I tear a wing,
And seek the isles of Greece,
Once more that I might hear a syren sing,
And end my days in peace,
But that the houries, too, severely wise,
Regardless of my pain,
Have snatched him to their native paradise,
To join them in their strain;
Confounded that such nectar'd fruit,
Should spring from a terrestrial root.
Thou, like the matron *, fam'd of yore,
To set thy Doric kinsmen free,
Hast giv'n up thy noblest store,—
Nay, barter'd thy mortality;
But, oh, no ransom shall thyself redeem,
No mighty boon be giv'n;
Go, then! recant thy old misguided theme,
And praise thy God in Heav'n.

S. H.

Fine Arts.

MR. JOSEPH STUBBS'S VIEW OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In a paper of your's some short time ago, you did me the honour to insert an article of mine upon the subject of transparency painting, in which I had attempted to draw the further notice of the public to a consideration of the merits of some of its most distinguished professors. Every description of art that tends to the refinement, and consequent elevation of a people, becomes an object of importance to the state; and in a nation like

* Elpinice, wife of Cymon.—Vide Corn. Nepos.

England, where genius, as the heirloom of the soil, is met by a noble patronage, we need not be surprised at the rapid progress to excellence which has for some years marked the productions of the pen, the pencil, and the chisel. Transparency painting, although considered by many as a mere secondary branch of the fine arts, merits, from its united attractions of decorative elegance and utility, the highest encouragement. My present design is to again call the attention of the public to transparency painting, in the works of Mr. Joseph Stubbs, some of whose performances I have had the gratification of marking with well-merited approval in the pages of *The Literary Chronicle*. I have lately had the opportunity of viewing, at the house of Mr. Stubbs, an interior representation of Canterbury Cathedral, the singular beauty and excellence of which have re-elicited that admiration which I some time ago publicly expressed. The view of the choir, taken from the north corner, is one of the most difficult that can be taken, and, from the extreme intricacy of the architectural details, the imperious necessity of perspective accuracy, and a true disposition of the *chiaro-obscuro*, required no ordinary degree of ability to produce. As a magnificent delineation of one of our most noted buildings of antiquity, this painting has, perhaps, higher claims upon the attention of the spectator than any other class of subject that could be chosen; and, although not calculated for any minutiae of description, forms a scene of imposing and venerable grandeur that fixes itself powerfully upon the imagination, and conveys us back, through the darkness of ages, to that period when the groined roof rung with the pealing hallelujah, and the cross, the bell, and book, were the revered symbols of religion. In this representation, Mr. Stubbs has judiciously omitted those common-place groups of modern figures, which in such scenes are disagreeable introductions, that bound the imagination by continually reminding it of the present time; and, instead of portraying an over-grown citizen, with his wife and sentimental novel-reading daughter, wandering in this hallowed sanctuary of bye-past time, he has given to the whole an impressive degree of solitary grandeur by leaving fancy to people the deserted aisles with its own air-drawn images. The beautiful Chapel of the Trinity forms the termination of the view, and in the receding background is seen the jewelled shrine of the

murdered Thomas à Becket, whose tomb afterwards became the venerated resort of so many pilgrims. Mr. Wild, in his *Views of Canterbury Cathedral*, gives the following description of the choir: 'The arcade rests on pillars which are alternately round and octangular, having capitals sculptured with the acanthus, very nearly resembling the true Corinthian model. Columns of similar form and ornaments are in the duomo or cathedral at Orvietto in Italy, placed as these are. The attached columns at the angles of the upper transept are encircled with tall pillars of Petworth marble. Above the arcade is an open gallery, with a triforium, with many of the same materials clustered and insulated, but much smaller. The roof is of the simplest form after the introduction of stone vaulting.' This short description is sufficient to show the difficulties which existed in the delineating so much architectural detail in the forms of the pillars, the aisles, the tracery of the gothic windows, the curvatures of the roof, and the diminishing points, which, fading into distance, demanded a trial of the artist's abilities as a draftsman and colourist. These difficulties, obvious as they are, have been completely surmounted by the painter, who has produced, at the termination of his labours, a piece which has a magical effect of light and shade, and presents, when situated at the end of an apartment, and viewed at a proper distance, a scene of the most perfect and beautiful illusion. The reflections of the 'the dim religious light' streaming through the painted windows, are represented with an astonishing fidelity and power, and the masterly massing of the shadows preserves a solemn unity in the whole, rarely to be met with in similar productions. The taste and genius of Mr. Stubbs are too well known, from the wide diffusion of his works, to require the useful panegyric of impartial criticism to bring them into notice; but well-deserved praise is the laurel of the painter and the poet, and the fair meed of merit which justice spontaneously awards. E. S. C.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. — The common law of criticism has exempted benefits from the usual lot of dramatic performances, and we shall not violate a custom so time-honoured, on any plea of equity. We will leave Young in Macbeth, to be a highway-

man for his own benefit, Mrs. Davison to wear the breeches for one evening, Farren to frisk about in a masquerade, or Liston to play Ophelia; all this we can bear, and a thousand times more, without either envying or censuring this sock and buskin saturnalia, for such is an actor's benefit. One gratification we feel in respect to those of the present season at both houses is, that they have invariably been well attended.

At Drury Lane Theatre the *Hypocrite* has been very injudiciously played, as well as the *Road to Ruin*. In the former, the absence of Liston and the death of Oxberry have rendered a sad blank in the character of Maw-worm, which has devolved on Harley, and, to do our bustling friend justice, he acquitted himself much better than we expected; in the sermon he was, like Liston, encored. In the *Road to Ruin*, Dowton undertook Munden's favourite character of Old Dornton; and although an actor of his talent will never entirely fail in any character, yet we confess there was little to praise in the performance. There was too much of the Sir Anthony Absolute in the character, and it was wanting in affection.

VAUXHALL GARDENS. — The fine weather during the last few days has given to these gardens their due portion of company, and the attractions, which are numerous, have in consequence received the approbation of many additional thousands.

MR. MATHEWS. — On Thursday evening Mr. Mathews, whose *Trip to America* drew crowded houses to the last, took leave of the public for a short time, with the following farewell address:—

'Ladies and Gentlemen,—In once more taking my leave of you for a season, I wish I could think of something to say which would entitle you to exclaim, with our late friend Mr. Bray, 'Well, I never heard that before!' But the language of grateful acknowledgment is soon exhausted, however unbounded may be the feeling that prompts it. To say that I am proud of your applause, and grateful for your kindness, is a 'twice told tale,' which has been more than thrice repeated; but be assured that the undiminished favour I have experienced has, year after year, increased my anxiety to merit your smiles, and will leave an indelible recollection on my heart, when I and my humble efforts to amuse you may perhaps be forgotten.

'While thus encouraged, it would be affectation, if not ingratitude, to talk of retiring from public life: while I continue, therefore, to receive your approbation, I shall continue my endeavours to deserve it, and trust I shall next year be able to

present you with something at least as well deserving your attention as any thing I have heretofore had the pleasure and honour of submitting to your notice. With this hope, and the gratifying anticipation of soon meeting you again, I most respectfully and cordially bid you farewell.'

Literature and Science.

WE have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of Mrs. Bowdich and her children from the woful country of Africa, after a voyage of nine stormy weeks. From the perils she has encountered, added to the dreadful loss she had previously sustained, her sufferings have been great; but we understand she is recovering her health and strength daily. She has brought home with her very interesting materials. The literary world may anticipate a treat from the pen of the first female traveller in the wild regions of Africa.

The public are likely to be in some degree compensated for the loss of 'Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself,' by the publication of the noble lord's correspondence, which, amongst others, will comprise letters written by his mother, during his travels in Portugal, Spain, and Greece. These letters will be accompanied with very interesting biographical notes, and edited by a very near relation and confidential friend of the poet.

The Marquis de Salvo's work upon the late events in Europe is in the press, of which both an English and a French edition are nearly ready for publication.

M. Bonpland, the fellow voyager of Humboldt, has been for the last two years and a half settled at St. Anna, on the eastern bank of the Rio Parana, where he has laid out plantations of matte, or Paraguay tea. These were in the most flourishing state, when a detachment of eight hundred men, belonging to the troops of Dr. Francia, made a descent upon the place, destroyed the plantations, and carried off M. Bonpland and the Indian families he had collected around him. Some of the Indians escaped by swimming across the river, and others, who resisted, were massacred by Dr. Francia's troops. M. Bonpland, carrying on his shoulders a load of objects of natural history which he had collected, was marched to the town of Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, and from thence sent into a fortress, to act as physician to the governor. It appears he has since been sent for by Dr. Francia, supreme director of Paraguay, and ordered to repair to another point of the territory, to establish a commercial communication between Paraguay and Peron, probably on the side of the provinces of Chiquitos and Santa Cruz de la Sierra. M. Bonpland is there charged with directing the construction of a high road, at the same time that he occupies himself with botanical researches. It is to be hoped that the exertions of the French government, of the Institute, and of M. Humboldt, will not be

fruitless in procuring the release of M. Bonpland, whose talents are sported with by an ignorant and unfeeling tyrant.

On Thursday Mr. Rossiter, a plumber and glazier, living in Titchfield Street, uncle to Mr. Harris, the unsuccessful aeronaut, ascended in the same balloon from the Bedford Arms Garden, Camden Town, accompanied by a young gentleman of the name of St. Albyn, and, after a fine ascent, the aeronauts descended at Havering Park, near Romford, Essex.

On Monday Mr. Sadler, Jun. accompanied by a Mr. Campbell, ascended in a balloon from Edinburgh, and, after being in the air an hour and thirty-eight minutes, descended near Leven, in Fife, having crossed an arm of the sea.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
June 25	55	61	56	29 78	Cloudy.
.... 26	57	67	55	30 08	Fair.
.... 27	57	68	60	.. 04	Cloudy.
.... 28	60	70	62	29 99	Fair.
.... 29	62	70	55	.. 74	Do.
.... 30	55	67	57	.. 93	Do.
.... 31	60	68	59	.. 83	Do.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

*** The Second Quarterly Part of THE LITERARY CHRONICLE for the present year, and the Monthly Part for June, are now in course of delivery.—We recommend our subscribers to apply to their respective Booksellers or Newsmen for the regular supply of our Publication, but where this cannot be obtained, orders, post paid, addressed to the Publisher, will be duly attended to.

Works published since our last notice.—Mills's Political Economy, 2nd edit. 8s. Petersdorff's Law of Bail, royal 8vo. 21s. Blore's Monuments, Part I., imp. 8vo. 12s. 6d. An Excursion through the United States and Canada, with maps, 8vo. 16s. Gray's Arithmetic, 2nd edit. 2s. Grandeur and Meanness, 3 vols. 21s. Watts's Poetical Sketches, 12mo. 8s. General Index to first 19 vols. Edinburgh Medical Journal, 8vo. 16s. French Costume, 24 plates, royal 18mo. 9s. Pitt's Philosophy of Christianity, 3 vols. 13s. 6d. Preference, 2 vols. 12s. The Pulpit, vol. 2, 6s. Guide to the Watering Places, for 1824, 15s.

THE LAST WEEK.

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